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A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

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EDITORIAL

THERE is one thing to be said in favor of Christmas: it is the one day in the year when Christendom makes an effort to behave as kindly, civilized human beings behave, and not like Christians. It is a curious fact, and one somewhat to the credit of Christ, that while for three hundred and sixty-four days of the year Christians devote most of their time to violating every principle attributed to Him, on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day they adopt an attitude of pagan hedonism and expansive kindliness which is alien to the true nature of organized Christianity. One of the triumphs of man over Christianity is that, even in so foul and beastly a war as the late War that ended war, the men in the trenches observed Christmas Day by disobeying all (Christian) orders, and by fraternizing. Their revolt against Law and Order and Decency and Discipline, although perpetrated under difficult and heartrending conditions, was a symbol of this one festival when Christians can be—and are—human.

At Christmas, Christians forget their anti-Semitism, and buy copious Christian gifts from Jewish merchants, and even ask their non-co-religionists to join them in celebrating the imaginary birthday of the only Jew who ever succeeded in making the tenets of Judaism a world-wide religion. With characteristic caution, the Chosen People never reciprocate by asking *them* to smear their door posts with the blood of the sacrificial lamb. Yom Kippur is not a Gentile holiday, but Christmas is the holiday of all Western peoples. It is the holiday of millions who are totally unconcerned with the actual chronological and theological facts. One goes to a cathedral and listens to snatches of Handel's "Messiah," one even listens to Christmas carols. Why? Certainly not because of any religious conviction, but because these time-honored rites are part of a mood of gentleness. They are inextricably bound up with memories of a brief and strange interlude in the ordinary activities of man, when he tries to show how nice he can be, when he is not profiteering, when he is not lynching, when he is not torturing people in the name of Jehovah, when he is not, in brief, engaged in his normal occupation of denying the mind and body their freedom.

Even if Christmas Day is a Friday, the day is one of frank self-indulgence. There is neither fasting nor prayer. On the contrary, there is over-eating, over-drinking, and a general over-indulgence of all weaknesses, including that which prompts people to talk to sophisticated children—who have selected their own toys in advance from Schwartz's—about Santa Claus, and to indulge in the lachrymose pleasure of

Noel, Noel, how the angels did sing,
On a cold winter night that was so deep.

There are three occasions when the respected clergy come into their own, and the greatest of these—to paraphrase the Aramaic text—is Christmas. When one is born, the presence or absence of these gentlemen is a matter beyond one's control, so this cannot be counted. The others are, Christmas, marriage, and death. Whether these holy men shall or shall not officiate in these cases may be determined by any intelligent adult. It is pretty generally admitted that at deaths and marriages they usually do a bad job. In fact, they have been restrained by modern men and women from insisting that the purpose of marriage is to procure children and commit two people to sustaining an emotion "for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, until death do us part." In death, they usually contrive to insult all literate hearers by an abominable indifference to the moving and sonorous beauty of "Man that is born of woman is of a few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." This, as mumbled perfunctorily by gents employed for that purpose, has all the charm of a bad stock company reading its lines at a first rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet."

At Christmas it is otherwise. Many a couple has left a comfortable speakeasy to attend the midnight Mass at the nearest good Greek Orthodox Church. Places of worship, in which nothing but bigotry and superstition have been heard for twelve months, annually break the rule of a lifetime by permitting one to shed a furtive tear, as a boyish soprano sings

For, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.
For ever, and ever, Hallelujah!

—Ernest Boyd.

At least Russia is one country in which Darwin is safe!

Completely overcome by Herr Hitler's Aryan arguments, the Editors nominate Ivar Kreuger as the ideal Nordic blond.

NEWS ITEM

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

JOHN EDWARDS, husband of Maria Sanborn Hotchkiss, writer and prominent figure in public life, committed suicide by shooting himself through the brain early last evening in his apartment in upper Madison Avenue, where he lived with his wife. They had been married ten years. Mr. Edwards was forty-five years old and was connected with the Hercules Cement Company, 302 West Thirteenth Street.

A maid, Martha Jones, discovered the suicide. She found Mr. Edwards' body lying on the floor of the bedroom, a bullet hole in his right temple. He was clad in pajamas. He left no note. The head office manager of the company which employed him said that he appeared to be in excellent health when he showed up for work yesterday morning, that he had never missed a day at the office, and that his accounts were in perfect order.

His wife, Miss Hotchkiss, is, in addition to her literary and lecturing work, active in local political and civic—as well as in national—affairs. She was recently appointed chairman of the women's division of the local Unemployment Relief Committee, is chairman of the women's branch of the Civil Liberties Union, vice-president of the Association for the Betterment of Foreign Relations, secretary of the Ohio Society, and has served on the O. Henry Annual Short Story Award Committee. She was elected to the State Assembly in 1930, and is at present chairman of the Manhattan Women's Democratic Club and women's Democratic leader in her district. She is head of the Women's Amalgamated Charities, vice-president of the Order of Bookfellows, a trustee of the Girls' Service League of America, recording secretary of the Good Roads Association, Inc., of the United States, an active worker for the Home Missions Council, the Humane Association of America, the American Library Association and the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, a member of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, vice-president of the Pan-American Society, secretary and treasurer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and assistant secretary of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor. She is also vice-president of the Women's Peace Society and the National Recreation Association, a director of the Roerich Museum and the Sociological Society of America, and a member of the National Council of the Sons and Daughters of Liberty, the American Vocational Association and the National League of Women Voters.

The police were at a loss to assign a motive for the suicide.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM

by LEONARD ROWE

SHERMAN UNIVERSITY was the pride of the great bustling middle-western city of Clevedon. And rightly so; for Sherman was not one of those musty and mouldy colleges where all that a student could learn was Latin and Greek and mathematics and other such old-fashioned academic dryrot. It was as modern and as up-to-date as any of Clevedon's skyscrapers, movie cathedrals, and garages; and offered to its students, besides all the traditional subjects, courses in advertising, cafeteria management, advanced poultry raising, tea-room hostessing, pre-kindergarten psychology, retail shoe merchandising, food etiquette, principles of home laundering, and intermediate clog dancing.

Only in outward aspect did Sherman appear ancient: with its Gothic spires and gargoyled towers (erected in 1928). Gymnasiums and laboratories masqueraded as medieval cathedrals; lecture halls and dormitories simulated Benedictine cloisters; the swimming-pool building contained more than a hint of Mont Saint Michel; and the shower rooms were rigged out like baptistries, while the toilets were disguised as confessionals. However, for the sake of variety, some of the buildings deviated just a little from the Gothic: notably the gargantuan pile known as the Sneedleberry Memorial Library which, though an "adaptation" of the Cloth Hall of Ypres, had faint overtones of the Taj Mahal and was, besides, vaguely reminiscent of Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon.

There was only one dissenting voice among the universal and ecstatic hosannas and hallelujahs that greeted the opening of the University's new School of Household Arts, erected in memory of that great philanthropist and humanitarian, Samuel Sneedleberry, whom the vulgar referred to as the "patent medicine king." The editor of the undergraduate daily, the *Sherman Bearcat,* pointed out in an editorial that any German or Slovak hired girl of normal intelligence knew from instinct and observation all of the "household arts" for which the University apparently required an 800,000 dollar building, a faculty of forty-three dietary, culinary, and "Domestic-Science" "experts," and an elaborately complicated four-year course of God only knows how many "units" and "credits" culminating in the impressive and sonorous degree of Bachelor of Household Administration.

And several months later, on the very day that the new Graduate School of Business was dedicated (which, save for its Doric columns, was practically a duplicate of Oxford's Magdalen), an editorial in the *Sherman Bearcat* concluded with the declaration that

> With the opening of the Business School, Sherman has finally surrendered to the reckless and irresponsible gang of educational frauds, fakirs and hoodlums who threaten to convert our university into a glorified trade school.

It was this editorial that caused the faculty and the trustees of Sherman University to suspend publication of the *Bearcat* for ten days, to demand a public retraction and apology from the entire editorial staff, and to insist upon the immediate resignation of the editor-in-chief who wrote the editorial.

On the day that the *Bearcat,* under its new editor, resumed publication, the leading editorial was devoted to a rousing exhortation urging the football team to "give everything you got in tomorrow's game with Ohio State for dear old Sherman."

AMERICAN POPULARITY ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE

by ELEANOR KINSELLA McDONNELL

IT SEEMS to me, after long residence in France, with the consequent opportunity of watching American popularity descend from war-time zenith to the now probable nadir, that what the French hold chiefly against us, beyond even the debt of gratitude and money they owe us, is our lack of the sense of measure.

Grudgingly they may admit that the lack has been responsible for many a *beau geste.* That said, they are passionately convinced that such wholesale absence of restraint as they think we show is bad in itself and is having an evil effect on the whole world, whose perverse abandon in submitting itself to American influence is without parallel since Rome swallowed Athens.

This American failing exemplifies itself in many ways, as the French see it. A doughboy in a peasant *estaminet* who lights his cigarette with a five franc note, the agonized natives looking on to the last cinder, has become a classic example.

Another, now likely to go down in history, is a Vines on the centre court of the Stade Roland Garros, his face the color of old Chartreuse, his slim body bound like a mummy's to protect a kidney wrenched in practise, an ankle injured—an ill boy, playing on grit and nerve a match whose issue is without importance, until he falls unconscious on the red clay in the poignant attitude of crucifixion.

Ces Américains! They do not know when or where to stop. "Must the youth of Europe now kill or emasculate themselves to prove that they, too, can achieve the American do-or-die ideal?" the Frenchman asks in disgust.

One Pheidippides of Marathon in history is enough for him. Or, at the most, two. One should not be expected to bring the good news—or even the bad—to Aix every other day in the week.

Nor yet to fly the Big Pond. Lindbergh's exploit was the *beau geste* which transcends and forgives a temporary lapse from the precious sense of measure. Subsequent trans-oceanic fliers, however, have been greeted with diminishing enthusiasm at Le Bourget—as though France foresaw the triumph of the Italian air armada with all its disturbing implications.

Why was not the glory which came to us through Lindbergh enough for one lifetime at least? Was it necessary to establish a positive habit of afternoon intercontinental calls?

A member of the Chamber of Deputies once told me that General Dawes had earned great unpopularity for himself while in Paris conferring over his Reparations Plan. When I asked why, I expected the response would embody the usual criticism of American negotiators abroad. They are too brutally frank. The old rules of the game call for finesse and the Americans are either unwilling or unable to play the part.

But I did not get the expected response. Some of the biggest guns in France knocked at Dawes' door, I was told. And he received them with great cordiality. But, the preliminaries of welcome over, what did Dawes do? He ensconced himself in his chair, tilted it backward, lighted his pipe, and cocked his feet up on his desk!

The politician who told me this was a leader of the Communist Party. In the public forum his manners were of an unbridled Bolshevism. Yet his voice shook with the outrage he felt at the American's conduct. One did not treat the Great Men of France in such a fashion—especially foreigners did not. *"Il manquait du sens de la mesure, décidément—cet animal là!"* my deputy fulminated.

II

Hollywood; the gangsters and the blatant motor-cops we send out to arrest them; our liquor-drinking and prohibiting; our ideology—considered largely hypocritical; the idiosyncrasies of not a few of our lettuce-eating tourists—all reinforce the Frenchman's belief that the world is commiting one of its major errors in following us anywhere.

As for our instalment buying, any defense of it in France is a slap in the face to a country the majority of whose people believe that only a fool doesn't save half of all he earns during his good years.

The contagion of our folly is a menace actively to be fought. The French worker, in the opinion of his employers, should be protected from the transatlantic contamination. If only *l'homme dans la rue* could be weaned from his perverted taste for the American screen the task would be immensely facilitated. But despite a quota amounting almost to an embargo, the American picture is shown here and there and fills the house which a French one will all but empty.

The French Press plays manfully its rôle in showing up the evils of Americanism to its millions of readers. Indeed, a perusal of the Paris papers, with their grotesque interpretations of life as lived in the great republic across the sea, must be listed as a first compensation to the expatriate for the hardships of exile.

A few papers sin only venially as far as facts are concerned and achieve their required effect through suppression of news or prejudicial presentation of it; the majority indulge in half-truths or no truths and present a picture of the American scene compounded of falsification, obloquy and defamation characterized to make the credulous reader thank his Maker for the old world in general and La Belle France in particular.

Sometimes the results are unexpectedly hilarious, as when the popular *Intransigeant,* during the presidential campaign, married Franklin Delano to Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, recounting with ecstatic detail all of "Princess" Alice's round-the-world triumphs. The article ran in the lead position on the front page and to date no public correction or apology has been made.

The Great American Depression supervened like a gift directly from On High to be used in pointing a moral to restive French hirelings. Paris journalists who appeared never before to have traveled beyond their city's fortifications were now sent three thousand miles across the waters to report the worst of America's downfall. They did it with a kind of voluptuous enjoyment and pretty thoroughly, although, in several cases, the sorry plight of the Broadway chorus girls diverted them from consideration of the wider suffering. Thus the time to take the ship back home rolled around before these gentlemen could find the opportunity of studying the misery elsewhere than on the Gay White Way.

Nevertheless, French papers today, with the repetitive blows of an anvil, hammer away at the theme that American prosperity was always pretty much of a myth, and that the French worker has always been materially, as well as spiritually, better off than his boastful American comrade.

III

Some years ago when Edward Filene, the Boston merchant, gave a large sum of money to Geneva for a study of wage scales and standards of living in Europe, French employers bellowed with rage. The Filene idea appeared to be that by a scientific working out of living costs in the various countries a table could be charted to show the minimum wage necessary in each place for the maintenance of a uniform and decent standard of living everywhere.

The French saw this as a Machiavellian attempt by America to get an edge on the rest of the world and, if not to put the French manufacturer definitely out of the running, at least to bestir him to a more active efficiency for which he had no taste and saw no need.

Profitable industry, run with high wages and short hours, calls for an uncanny flair for mass production. In a race with America and Germany on such terms where would the French industrialist come in? He was content with his present profits, thank you—and content to get them in his own way. To date he has been shown no valid reason for increasing the amenities of his workers' lives.

At the moment President Roosevelt is the arch-type so reprehensible to the old and fearful nation France daily demonstrates herself to be. He is, in addition, the Great Disillusionment.

The collapse of the Republicans was celebrated with ill-concealed joy in France. It is doubtful if ever in the history of Franco-American relations a United States President has been so outspokenly insulted in the press and from the public platform as was Hoover in his declining days, in Paris. The moratorium and the disarmament proposals were regarded as the crowning affronts of a long succession of unforgivable offenses offered by American diplomacy to French post-war policy in Europe. With the passing of Hoover, therefore, the worst was thought to be definitely over.

The successful Democratic candidate, even before he had set foot in the White House, or made a single revelatory gesture, was slobbered over by the French Press to a degree which might have been touching had it not been so self-interested.

Here at last was a gentleman of the old school, and a low-tariff one at that. An executive who knew a French verb or two—and who had a world outlook. A world outlook, in French parlance, invariably means one with a strong Gallic bias. Reading the Paris papers one gathered that Mr. Roosevelt had been hustled down to Washington for the first purpose of handing out to France all of the leading tricks in the New Deal.

Almost from the inauguration, disappointment settled like a lowering cloud on French editorial offices. It gave way to torrents of angry recrimination when, with M. Herriot's return from the pilgrimage to the presidential shrine, the news leaked out that a slight debt-payment rider would be attached to any agreement over money stabilization or tariffs.

Pro-Roosevelt sentiment evaporated. The new hero could not be counted on to give something for nothing. France, ingenuous and credulous and hoping only for the best from people, was tricked again! The journalistic ink spilled vituperation, some of which bespattered M. Herriot, who retired to Lyons and thence to Russia, perhaps to get clear of it. Sensitive Americans living in Paris at this time began to feel the hate sizzling all around them.

Then came the Roosevelt note to the World Conference. Paris greeted it with the dictionary's least tender adjectives. It was brutal, impertinent, insolent. Above all, it showed a *farouche* lack of any sense of measure.

The Roosevelt program of industrial recovery, and his country's reaction to it, is an even wickeder instance of the tendency of Americans to go completely cuckoo.

If these forces the President is unloosing could but be bound within the limits of his own territory; if one could be sure the Americans would wallow alone in their own possible *débâcle,* then the French would be more than content to watch the experiment without active opposition—tongue in cheek, malice in eye.

But no! What America does today a large part of Europe will want—and all of it may be obliged—to do tomorrow. Even as she fights, her back against the wall, for her precious gold standard, France recognizes that. And, although she realizes the value of and necessity for American good-will, and is prepared to spend quite a pile of money on propaganda to regain and foster it, the whole business sticks in her craw.

IV

Even when, for the sake of money, France attempts an imitation of America—which is not infrequent—whether it be in films or the more concrete manufactured articles, the results are usually bad. Her heart is not in the business. She bemoans the passing of the *apéritif* even as she watches her young people drink the cocktail, or, worse, the innocuous fruit juices to which their desire to shine in sports has driven them. She subventions her national playhouses in the hope of keeping alive the theatre of Racine and Molière. But young France refuses to cross their thresholds and, instead, pays good money on three nights of the hottest summer in years to crowd to the last *strapontin* the enormous Salle Pleyel to listen to the aphrodisiac titillations of Duke Ellington's incandescent jazz.

Something in the national logic, in the gift of the *clarté latine,* has forewarned her Elder Statesmen that co-operation with America means absorption by America. With her young people already straining at the leash, France is still the only country

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Tip To Unemployed. . . . Go to Washington. Carry a portfolio. Have papers covered with figures sticking out. Walk through any government building. You can't miss.

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AMERICAN POPULARITY ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE

(*Continued from Page* 1, *Col.* 4)

in Europe making an official stand against that. And a good part of her now constant dislike of us is attributable to her growing fear that her effort is being wasted and that capitulation is just around the corner.

If the American venture is not checked, or at least stalemated, the whole world will start playing the game. Already half of England is only waiting for a signal to go. What chance then will France have to hold out alone and safeguard her somewhat antiquated culture?

At the time of the President's first radio spiel in May, *Paris-Soir* reported delightfully that Mr. Roosevelt would address "that ignorant mass, the American people."

Our tennis team, in Paris to dispute the Davis Cup matches, is said to have been paralyzed into an astonished inefficiency by the indescribable hostility of the gallery, whose manifestations resembled what we have been told were those of Nero's pagans when the Christian martyrs were shoved into the arena.

"The fact of any proposal being American is enough to damn it in French eyes," a keen British observer wrote at the World Economic Conference. So divergent now have American and French aims become that success for one automatically means rebuff for the other. For a time it seemed that the intensity and duration of the American collapse would bestow the accolade on French thrift and niggardliness. France crowed.

"Our old and tried ways have been proved best," her traditionalists shouted with conscious rectitude. The *bas de laine* became a kind of rehabilitated symbol of French wisdom and fitness for ruling the world.

As the black years dragged on, however, it became evident that the crisis was stalking through Gaul, too. The payment of unemployment benefit grew strangely heavier despite the fact that tens of thousands of foreign workers—Poles, Czechs, Italians, Belgians—imported after the war to supplement the declining man power at home, were summarily sent back across their respective frontiers.

Procuring a worker's card from the French Labor Office became for a foreigner as difficult as getting a nugget out of the Rand compound. And Paris, once almost completely free of beggars and panhandlers, was suddenly infested with a filthy lot of mendicants whose importunings rivalled those of Naples in the old days.

Thus to speak of there being no crisis in France was, on the face of it, a little ridiculous. Once admitted, however, the crisis was blamed immediately on America. Our total lack of any sense of measure, either in prosperity or in depression, was the sole cause of the world malady. Without exception and as though inspired, the French Press harped, and still harp, on this refrain.

If the Roosevelt program prevails and France's tight little economic system is not only discredited, but thrown out of gear, she will be forced into the uncharted void, with no taste whatever for a new and dangerous adventure. Conceivably she may be obliged to cast overboard all she holds most dear—the *bas de laine* first and foremost. She will then be like an unwilling man, without any faith whatever in his parachute or his pilot, taken in a new plane to a dizzy altitude, dumped into a blanket of fog and told to find a happy landing somewhere in the unknown below.

America, land of unmeasured extremes, threatens this to her. As she peers with angry foreboding into the shrouded future, she does not spare us the spectacle of her naked hate. At this moment American popularity in France has probably reached a new all-time low.

THE LATE LUKS

by MARCIA PATTERSON

"WHAT the hell do you want to write about me for, eh?" This appeared (falsely, however) to be an uncharacteristic bit of modesty on the part of George Luks, whose portraits hold their own among great figure pictures of any time.

"You don't want to write about me, kid. The greatest writers living have written about me. There's nothing new to say—it's all been done. I'm meat for 'em, I am!", and he inserted two sturdy thumbs into the armholes of his flaunted vest, leaned well back in his chair, and regarded me with a satisfied malevolence.

"Oh yes, they've written about me—look at this!", and he flung on the table a new book published by a New York museum, "and this!", he added, as an unbelievably thick scrap-book was slammed down next to it. "Just glance at those."

"But the thing to do now," I suggested after a brief pause, "is to expose your personal side to the public."

"Personal side hell!" he shouted. "I'm a quiet, modest, straight-dealing man, and a great artist."

"Yes, of course, but you know the sort of thing—you must have had an unhappy childhood, for instance—they all do."

"Childhood rats! Children don't know enough to be unhappy. You tickle their bellies and change their diapers and they're happy."

"Childhood, George, not infancy," I murmured. "You must have been misunderstood by your parents and expelled from a few schools—there must be *something* orthodox about you—."

"Parents", he snorted with an utter contempt to indicate that such accessories were quite unnecessary to a man of his attainments. "As for school, all the women teachers liked me. They'd keep me after hours drawing pictures of them. One old-maid teacher used to have me come early and lace up her corsets. I didn't know what it was all about—I thought it was because I had strong arms. You don't need to be six feet tall to be strong," and he bristled in every one of his sixty-five inches, hoisted his foot on to the table from which the remains of lunch were being removed, and jerked up his trouser to the knee.

"Look at that leg!—it's not only strong, it's beautiful, and so is my foot. Perfect!" He eyed both with reverent admiration. "Good God! Gene Tunney over there," indicating an inscribed photograph on the wall, "has a grand physique, but his legs can't compare with mine. Of course Gene's all right, except for his legs and for thinking he's a highbrow. Highbrow! Great shaking

(*Continued on Page* 3, *Col.* 2)

! !

How terrible for the United States Government not to have been able to enforce upon Russia the Catholic, the Protestant and the Jewish religions' interpretations of the universe! How intolerable!

—Theodore Dreiser.

THE RUSSIAN PROSTITUTE

by ESA J. GENNET

IF I am not mistaken, The House of Correction for former prostitutes in Moscow is the only one of its kind in the world. It is known, however, by its proper name as the Home for Vocation Seekers. The Superintendent, Comrade K. as he is known, greeted us cordially and asked us if we would be so kind as to await the arrival of other tourists who were scheduled to visit the Institute on that day.

We did not have to wait long, for soon the other visitors arrived, a company of about a dozen or so. Thereupon we were conducted straightway to the main living-room, which also served as the dormitory. The beds were neatly made up, some of them covered with patched quilts, others merely with clean, fresh sheets. The walls were profusely placarded with notices in various languages. The predominant inscription was in Russian: "With Work and only through Work can the Proletarian achieve the desired goal; the morals of a human being are to be evidenced by the work done."

The room in this Institute, contained contained, naturally, a large picture of Lenin. The characteristic finger of Lenin pointed in the direction of the spectator and at a large placard underneath his picture, which read: "Down with the former old Bourgeois system. Long live the Soviets! There are to be no more Prostitutions of any sort, or in any class."

We were then ushered into a room of the same size as the one we saw before, where we observed in full operation the modern machines used for the knitting of stockings. As we passed through the aisles of workers, the sound of a gong announced the noon lunch hour. Leisurely, without any seeming hurry, they stopped the machines and walked to the common dining-room. A little group of visitors, however, surrounded one worker who remained, a dark-eyed brunette. I stopped within hearing distance. She told them in a vehement, convincing tone, as if she were confiding in a group of friends: "If it hadn't been for the Soviets, I would have long since rotted away."

She said that she was one of the many victims of the former régime. In her desire to study, she got to Petersburg by carrying around a bogus passport. While attending her courses, she met, through her acquaintances, an officer of the Czar's Guards Regiment. At first he showed great friendly interest in her and in her studies. Later, of course, the inevitable followed. Also the social diseases followed and ravaged her. After the revolution she was still ailing and helpless, friendless and alone. And only three years ago she made a last attempt at self-rehabilitation and came here. And here she found, she testified, a haven of safety, a home, the best she could expect. She had already become proficient in her trade and was earning one hundred and five rubles a month. Moreover, she was now completely cured and restored to health. Her only desire and ambition in life was to become one of the outstanding workers of her trade.

The little group of visitors and I then entered the office of the Superintendent. He was in the midst of explaining the most difficult problems that confronted them in weaning the majority of the inmates of the Home from the nerve and body-wrecking habits of continuous excessive smoking, from almost constant drinking, and from the desire for narcotics. He told how the Government attempted in a new way to cure the various addicts of their habits, first, by gradually decreasing the doses and, with every dose, explaining to the patient the nature of the reaction to follow, and finally when they wanted to ascertain whether or not the patient was still an addict, by administering a pre-cure dose that would completely stun the patient. The addict, however, thinking it was the last diminished dose, would be so horror-stricken at the ravaging effects that by sheer force of will-power she would refuse to take any more, and so, completely and of her own accord, free herself of the habit.

The Superintendent went on to explain that the inmates of the Home turn out to be not only useful members of the Proletarian Class, but have a beneficial influence upon society in general. Many of them had married and were quite happily settled. Very seldom did it happen that an inmate would quit the Home to return to her former existence. "You see," he turned about and, with a sweeping gesture, pointed toward the doors, "we have no gates, no locks, no bars. Our doors are wide open. The inmates are free to go and come at their will. Thus, when one of them does take a flier, makes a break, and goes out into her past world, it doesn't take very long before she comes back and humbly begs to be excused for her conduct, and then returns to stay with us until she is completely cured."

He told us further that, officially, no one was discharged and given her clearing papers and union card until she was pronounced absolutely cured, as well as proficient in her task. Then, and then only, did these women receive that clean bill of health, their union labor card, and whatever rewards had been earned during their stay. "Of course," he said, "you realize that there is no stigma attached to the person or character of a former inmate. We do not even use the follow-up system; even the shadow of the past is buried, so far as she is concerned."

At this point a visitor asked the Superintendent how the authorities combatted the world-wide evil of open street solicitation for prostitution. He replied that, as a self-imposed task, the more idealistic inmates would go of their own accord into the highways and byways of the city, where they knew they might meet their old partners in misery. And they would not arrest them or warn them but prove to them, by their own living examples, the difference between their lives. They would then invite the unfortunate ones to become inmates of the Home of their own free will. But if an obstinate prostitute refused to cure herself by accepting the hospitality and treatment and persisted in the practice of her old calling, the authorities would step in and arrest her when she was discovered soliciting in the open.

I asked the Superintendent why there was any prostitution under such an economic system as that of the U. S. S. R.?

A faint smile appeared on his face. "Have you seen any *young proletarian* prostitutes?" he asked me. "Well, you haven't, for among the girls who grew up with the revolution you will find practically no prostitution. As a rule those who still practise the degrading trade are either of middle age or the young of the old aristocratic classes. It is the former group, that is, the prostitute of former times, whom the revolution has so far failed to change. Human nature makes it at times a slow process to bring about a complete rehabilitation of character. After all, any means of earning a livelihood becomes a strongly intrenched habit. . . . The appeal of luxury is the incentive for the young prostitute. Memories of the old régime still put a value on silk stockings—and there are always foreigners with the price. On the other hand, the young proletarian girl scorns the feminine luxuries."

It is as certain as the revolution itself, the Superintendent concluded, that before long Soviet Russia will rid itself completely of this shameful inheritance of capitalist society.

GREAT GOD SPONSOR

by DAVID EWEN

RADIO networks in America—bringing education and entertainment to the American masses—are controlled, not by the presidents or the vice-presidents of the respective systems, not by the stock-holders, but by Great God Sponsor. It is he who buys time on the radio, who pays fat checks to entertainers and who, therefore, feels that it is his right to dictate to millions of radio listeners what they want to hear as radio-entertainment, and how they should be edified by radio culture.

As we twist the dials haphazardly, we constantly come into contact with the gifts that Great God Sponsor metes out to us so generously. Kate Smith with her sappy masculine voice, and Morton Downey with his mawkish feminine warblings, serenading their respective moons. . . . the nauseating battalion of crooners who sigh a ballad "By Special Request of the little blind boy in the hospital at Toledo" (are all hospitals in Toledo?) . . . . the celestial flight of Mendelssohnian violins, ascending heavenward on wings of song, as the announcer informs a palpitant public that This-and-This Cleanser is good for toilets. . . . the saccharine intellectual bonbons distributed by such profound radio philosophers as Mr. Tony Wons, Mr. Basil Ruysdale and Mrs. Molly Goldberg. . . . slumber music which succeeds with remarkable felicitousness in being soporific. . . . Mozart and Wagner, whose music sounds as though it had been reorchestrated for the radio by Ferde Grofé. . . .

So long as Great God Sponsor—fat, smug, prosperous—rules the airwaves, so long must the imbecilic be given preference over the intelligent and the artistic; so long will the dignified and the tasteful be heavily outweighed by the blatant, the sensational and the raucous. So long as Great God Sponsor is supreme king of the air, so long will crooners, jazz bands and smart-aleck comedians, so long will sophomoric culture, obsess the radio stage.

Ask any sponsor why he prefers the imbecile to the intelligent, why he places his smudgy hands upon the artistic to defile it, and he will always tell you that "We give the public what it wants." That seems to be the excuse for everything that happens on the air. It is the excuse for stamping upon what is ethical and in good taste and offering a type of entertainment which is suited only to readers of tabloids and comic-sections. It is the excuse for offering good music in a garbled "popular-version" reorchestrated for the most outlandish combinations by some musical hack. It is the excuse for using famous poems, famous music, famous authors for the sole and undisguised purpose of vulgarly ballyhooing sauerkraut and liverwurst. It is, in short, the excuse for presenting a type of entertainment and education which can appeal only to a mind of ten years, and no older.

There is ten per cent of the radio hours (I have made a careful compilation of statistics) that is devoted to intelligent and mature programs. Not a single one of these adult hours is a sponsored program. "We give the public what it wants!" Will even this meager ten per cent fade completely from the airwaves when—in the not so distant future—every radio hour will be a sponsored one?

I recall with ever-fresh amusement the time when a cigar sponsor wanted to run a series of radio-hours dramatizing "Great Moments in Literature." A special series was prepared for him, and at the audition the round-bellied sponsor, chewing at the stub of a cigar, watched scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," "Vanity Fair," "David Copperfield," etc. At the end of the audition, the sponsor gave his verdict: "No! This won't do. It might have been all right a hundred years ago—but today the public wants more zip in its programs. You got to pep up this program some more, otherwise it won't do!"

The radio official, with terrified visions of losing the account, ordered the entire script to be rewritten. For several days pens flew feverishly. Humor was injected—broad gags and heavy burlesque. Extra love-scenes were injected. Situations were changed and modernized so that each script was a glorious anachronism. Finally, with the masterpieces of literature "jazzed-up," the sponsor was once again called to witness an audition. This time his verdict was: "It's too serious and classical. People want more light stuff. No, this won't do!" The result was that the sponsor settled for a radio-hour consisting of a "hot" negro jazz-band, a famous torch-singer, and a Jewish comedian.

I do not repeat this anecdote—for whose authenticity I solemnly vouch—merely because it may be an amusing story. I repeat it because it neatly epitomizes the attitude of sponsors toward intelligent programs. Great God Sponsor—who all his life has concerned himself with the manufacture of hardware and rubber tires—has now become a glorified public educator. He it is who gives us our entertainment, our art, our culture, our education over the air. Magnanimously enough, he asks no price for this generosity—except that we listen to his sales-talk, and tolerate all the monstrosities of taste which he employs in order to sell his ware.

QUERY

ISN'T it a curious paradox of the highly vaunted American centres of learning that no place is provided for the individual who wishes merely to learn something?

Recently a friend of mine wasted several days endeavoring to enroll at three universities for several courses which interested him. Despite his willingness to pay handsomely for the privilege of just attending the lectures, he was refused admission because he had no interest in assimilating credits, submitting papers, or obtaining a degree of any sort.

Perhaps our universities are unwilling to have in their midst any person possessing a definite knowledge of what he would like to learn.

—JOHN CAMPBELL.

Now that the Red Cross drive is on and the poor are being solicited and in many cases coerced into giving of their mite, how about the rich asking the privilege of supporting the Red Cross this year? General Electric, American Tel. and Tel., U. S. Steel, Dupont Powder, General Motors, Chase National, National City, and the Railroads please note.

The Editors wish to ask: If a memorial stamp for that sterling patriot, Warren G. Harding, why not one for Senator Fall, Edward Doheny, Harry F. Sinclair, and our one-time great Attorney General, Harry Daugherty?

JOHN BULL'S STEP-CHILDREN

by JOHN DALLEY

Editor of The Bulletin, Sydney, New South Wales.

AUSTRALIANS are the bad boys, desperadoes, bolshies, or whatever contumelious phrase you prefer, of the British Empire. Millions in English cities, in country vicarages and houses, on plantations in India and Ceylon, in officers' messes and ward-rooms, and on liners out of every British port, spend delightful hours recapitulating the offenses against good form and common decency alleged to have been committed by Australians.

Barracking (Amer. *rooting*) is receiving most attention at the moment. D. R. Jardine, captain of the English cricket team that visited Australia this year, says in his book about the tour: "Barracking has made Australian crowds a by-word the world over." He means that Australian crowds are a by-word in the south of England where cricket is a hushed ritual. As the place the Public School accent comes from, it is the world to him. In point of fact there is plenty of barracking even in the West End of London. I heard Bishop Barnes barracked in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1927, and in the same year a number of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates barracked the performers at the Palace Theatre into despairing silence. But it isn't done at Lord's.

During the war the Jardines of England were saying: "Lack of discipline has made Australian soldiers a by-word the world over." Members of the A. I. F. were thought more of as front-line soldiers than most members of British units; the high command proved it by conceding them positions of honor everywhere. But some were accused of playing up on leave and in back areas, and certainly they were poor saluters. It was their slack saluting that made them unpopular. Countless ex-officers who are now solicitors, accountants, shop-walkers and clerks all over the Empire boil with fury to this day when they remember the salutes they looked for and didn't get from Australians.

If Australians had stayed in Australia after the war all might have been forgotten and forgiven. But they kept visiting England, and beating the English at English sports, such as cricket and Rugby football. And then there is the Australian accent: a vigorous manner of speech which is easy to hear, if not to listen to. It resembles Cockney, and if there is an accent which the class-conscious Briton regards as the mark of the beast and cad—it is Cockney.

A typical Australian, as imagined by a typical middle-class Englishman, is a large, violent creature, lawless, illiterate, a revolutionary, and disloyal to Throne and Flag. The impression is heightened by the excited reports of strikes and crimes against aborigines, which are practically the only Australian news-items—other than items about sport—that get into the English papers.

The truth is strangely different. The Australian is the answer to every monarchist's prayer; he abhors the thought of revolution. No Communist candidate has secured anything better than a derisory vote at an election, State or Federal. A few years ago, at a political meeting, somebody was reported to have set fire to a toy Union Jack. A distinguished General, who was also an M. P., urged the deportation of the anonymous disloyalist, if identified. "Deport him first, and try him afterwards!" he thundered. The slogan is understood to have had a lot to do with the General's subsequent appointment to the coveted London High Commissionership. It showed the right spirit.

Politicians can do anything to the taxpayers of Australia, provided they remain expansively loyal and anti-Communist. Members of the Federal and State Parliaments have raised their salaries again and again, and they exercise a right of *legationes liberae*, which the Roman electors objected to in the case of their politicians 2,000 years ago. Our politicians travel free, at the public expense, by virtue of Government-issued gold passes. This docile readiness of Australians to pay up and look pleasant, provided anyone can satisfy them it is the dinkum thing for a sport to do, is what made them such staunch soldiers. They never mutinied, as the French did all up and down the line in the black days of the war; they never so much as talked of it, as the Tommies were doing toward the end of 1917.

They are the same now. The public debt (Federal and States combined) had reached the stupendous figure, for a country of six and one-half million inhabitants, of 1,187,827,868 pounds by June of last year. Over 600,000,000 pounds is owed abroad, and the overseas interest bill at the height of the depression here called for the payment of 35,000,000 pounds per annum. Yet, when a local politician proposed something infinitely milder than inflation—the suspension for a short period of interest payments to Britain—his Government was thrown out by a record vote.

The British governing classes are aware of these phases of the Australian character. It has led to some odd anomalies. When successful Australian tradesmen, dentists, house agents and the like go Home, as the saying is, they are entertained by people who wouldn't dream of making intimates of their opposite numbers in England. Australians of the business and professional classes get invitations to royal Garden Parties, they are made honorary members, and sometimes members, of famous clubs—there are Australians in the Marlborough and Royal Yacht Squadron—and their wives and daughters are presented at Court. This infuriates members of the English middle and upper middle-classes who, though they may be educating their children at the best schools and universities, and may have been similarly educated themselves, never go to Court. Naturally, whenever a chance offers to rub in the vulgarity and all-round poisonousness of Australians, they jump at it.

When I went up to Oxford from an English Public School, much the same position existed with regard to Americans. An American eight had won at Henley, a Yale-Harvard athletic team had beaten Oxford and Cambridge at the Queen's Club, and Hunting Howell had won the Diamond Sculls. Though an Australian, I had the prejudices of the middle-class youths who were my friends, and I can remember being scandalized that people who were reported to have accents, and to be training like pros., should be allowed to compete against, aye, and lick, their betters. Later, my friends and I received a number of set-backs from "bloods" who had picked up the jargon and outlook of a world we knew nothing about. The Americans weren't pro's; most of them were rolling in money. Accents? Who the devil cared about accents outside Balham?

But it took years even partly to eradicate from middle-class English minds the impression that there was something inferior about Americans; and it is going to take years to eradicate a similar impression about Australians. Except at the two ends of the social scale—among the Empire-building aristos and among the sporting poor, who have a natural affinity with the supposedly naughty rich, and a contempt for the bourgeoisie—it is not too much to say that Australians are more disliked in England than any foreigners.

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WINTER DAY'S WALK IN NEW YORK

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

A WINTER Sunday's walk down Sixth Avenue, from near Washington Square—a gray day—not windy—plenty of cars—not many people walking.

Talk with a friend walking with me—Alfred Stieglitz—Julius Caesar—Voltaire—is Georg Brandes' Caesar translated—does anyone know? "I don't know. I'm reading it in the German."

The South—why southern poets can't bear Whitman, etc. Someone should explain that. There is an explanation all right. It would make a good thing for *The American Spectator*, that explanation.

Nature—a walk like this—on a cold Sunday afternoon in New York is as fascinating as any walk by rivers—in the woods in winter—dead leaves on the ground under foot—cold-looking farm boys walking in the roads with their girls—nothing more desolate-looking in winter than most American farm houses.

A crowd down by the Battery—men out walking with their wives. Most men out walking on Sunday afternoon with their wives look bored. The wives look bored. They are all going into the Aquarium to see the fish. Who's a fish?

Back of the Aquarium a fire boat—shining copper and brass she looks like a little queen sitting there—Alice in Wonderland—so clean—so shining—so small and fat.

Swell to take a trip in her—go up rivers—wash out a lot of towns on rivers. A lot of southern towns need washing. Wonder if there's any river goes up to Scottsboro, Alabama?

"My Alabama gal
In the moonlight,
I'se hungerin' for a sight of
My Alabama gal."

What happened to that crowd of southern writers who started the agrarian movement in the South—"I'll Take My Stand." Allen Tate, Stark Young and others? Wonder if they weren't really thinking of sitting on the front porches of colonial houses down South and looking out over southern fields while the niggers did the work?

"Let the niggers do the work—do the work—
do the work—
Let the niggers do the work."

A broad street up the East River front—Sailor's Mission—Spanish steamship at a dock unloading—fish wharves—fishy smells.

Canal boats lying in slips. The light is nice. You can't beat the New York light—New York climate. To a provincial, there is something in the air here that exhilarates.

Feeling gay—feeling nice—swell. Wish I could dance.

Remember the kind of tramps that used to come on the stage in burlesque shows—small, swarthy fellows with black whiskers sticking straight out—black hair sticking straight up—high red cheek-bones showing—husky whiskey voices? Plenty of them down here.

Plenty of ragged drunks lying in doorways—Brooklyn Bridge from down underneath—Hart Crane—"Julius Caesar started the whole modern show, didn't he?"

Do certain civilizations make great personalities or do great personalities make great civilizations? Our *American Spectator* crew might take that one on for a talkfest. Places along the river front, strangely like Havre. Spent a week there once fascinated by the sailors ashore—out drunk, reeling and singing, on the wharves with their Molls. I liked them, and Havre.

The Murphys must have been big shots in the canal boat line—Elizabeth Murphy—Maude—Alice—Kate—Hattie. Asked a man why canal boats were always tied up, why they never seem to be used. "Hell, they don't do nothing. They just lie there. They ain't got nothing to do."

Like us—nothing to do—something to learn—how to do nothing. Swell—feeling good—walking, so strangely quiet. "Let's go over to Joe's and get a cocktail."

"Okay. Shall we take a taxi?"

"No, let's walk."

"Look—there's an old rope walk over there! Gee—it's hell—this being Sunday. I always wanted to see the inside of a rope walk."

THE LATE LUKS

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 1)

snakes and seven tall Swedes! He's no more of a highbrow than May!" A glance of his keen, appraising eyes shot at May, a weird looking negress who was replacing the lunch dishes with large platters to be used as ash trays.

"Now May's not a highbrow and she knows it, so she's intelligent. Aren't you, May?"

"Sure, Mr. Luks," and May shuffled off chortling.

"She's a damn fine woman, May is and——"

"But look here—this is to obtain biographical data about *you*. We might do May another day. However, when I say personal, I don't mean *too* personal. Aren't there any facts we could use as framework?"

"Facts your grandmother!" He roared and blew his short nose with appalling violence. "What are facts?" and he waved them away with his handkerchief.

"Well, you studied painting in Germany and France."

"No, I did *not*, and don't you forget it. I studied *drawing* in that old Düsseldorf school, and they certainly taught you to draw there. The Germans couldn't paint, and the French couldn't draw. But they put you through a course of sprouts at Düsseldorf that *made* you draw. You couldn't help it by the time they finished with you. Look at old Albrecht Dürer—had no more sense of color than your uncle's sister's glass eye, but by God he could draw! And the French—PAH! I've no use for them. I worked in Paris and they said, 'Why don't you stay here, George?' and I said 'Stay *here*!' What do I want to stay here for? The place for a real man is America. You don't follow tradition there, you *make* it!' And by God, I've *made* it!"

Yes, he made it. The amazing spirit and life of his portrayed figures are the despair of the younger artists, as well as objects of admiration among his contemporaries.

Although nearly sixty-seven years old, George Luks appeared to be no more than fifty. He was short and heavily built, partially bald and his twinkling eyes were shaded by bushy brows. His mouth had a humorous twist and his vigor of action and of speech were so youthful as to startle and perhaps exhaust a milder person. His behavior was, to say the least, extremely informal. At the opening of the Whitney Museum, Mrs. Whitney held a reception for the artists represented there, and for friends of her own and theirs. People came to her, spoke and passed on, but George Luks stayed close and dogged her footsteps. At last, somewhat irritated, she turned and said, "Why are you following me about, Mr. Luks?"

"Because you are so God damned rich," he replied.

And more recently, while he was visiting friends, a small boy in the house burst into his mother's room where she was trying to sleep off the effects of a strenuous evening as hostess. "I wish that Mr. Luks would bring a maid along the next time he comes," said the child indignantly. "He came down bare-naked into the living room and just sits there and sends me up for his clothes and is cross because I can't find his garters. He says they should be under his pillow. And I don't see why, just because he is famous, it's nice for him to go to the dining room and eat his breakfast with just his underdrawers on, either!"

His language, as well as his conduct, was totally unrestrained.

"Women!" he cried. "Damned gold diggers, all of them! *I* know them. I've painted them. I've loved them and left them—I've even married them. They all know how to get your roll—and more power to them, I say. Of course a few of them have brains, but they don't really need them. And no more do these damned capitalists. All they need is greed enough to shut their eyes to everything but money. To hell with them! A friend of mine comes here the other night. He's as old as I am and as rich as Croesus, and the big stiff nearly weeps. 'With all my millions, George, I can't go and buy talent!' Hell! Of course he can't. Look at me! What do I care about money?" A flick of the hand dismisses money as a commodity unfit for decent men. "I'm a great man and a great artist. *I* don't care about money. I can paint millionaires and I can paint beggars. I can write, too, if I want to. But I don't want to. Writing, hell! Writing's dead. Men aren't taught to write any more. They're taught what the *people* want. The *people!* Pah!" and he spat viciously and without benefit of receptacle. "The *people!* Instead of educating the public to appreciate good stuff, they teach the writers what the stupid, wallowing people want! Give 'em what they want! Pah! Boloney! And you say they want to know about me. They know all about me *now*. The men—great writers, too, I tell you—who've written about me have told the world about George Luks."

"Well, there might be a few here and there who don't know *all* and might be interested," I ventured.

"Interested!" he glared at me in amazement. "Of course they'd be interested. I'm an interesting man. Go ahead and tell them. What the hell do I care? I don't give a God damn what you say! Hi there, May, get some more tea!"

SUICIDE AMONG THE BABBITTS

by ERIC HOWARD

THE large number of suicides among the financial and industrial leaders of the Republic, and among the well-to-do generally since the stock market crash of 1929, emphasizes a fact hitherto not generally recognized. It has usually been considered that your successful business man is a hard-headed, practical fellow, with plenty of courage and stick-to-it-iveness. These heroes of commerce and trade, it has been thought, were men of mettle and of guts. Did a rival succeed in putting over a bigger and better deal? Then your business man (the hero of numerous stories in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The American Magazine*) promptly set forth, a veritable knight of industry, and achieved a greater success. Your business man has been pictured not only as hard-headed, practical, with his feet firmly planted on terra firma, but also as a vigorous, aggressive, courageous doer of mighty deeds, a leader and a fighter.

What is the fact? The depression has revealed him as a confused and puzzled child whose balloon has burst. It has shown him up as a man whose faith has failed him, whose illusions have gone haywire, and, succinctly, as one who can dish it out but who can't take it. In an amazingly large number of cases, this hero of trade has become a helpless whiner, a weakling stripped of the garment of power he once flaunted gloriously, and a suicide.

Self-extermination, in the case of the defeated financier, is not the variety that Balzac described as suicide from ratiocination. Nor is it the philosophical type, by which a man who has lived fully decides to live no more. Instead, it is the pitiful gesture of weakness and despair.

The man who has lived by success alone has nothing to live for when success is gone. The man who believed that he was a strong and mighty fellow, of great importance to the world, is morally bankrupt when economic circumstances give him a kick in the pants and demonstrate that his success is not the product of his own superior cunning and wisdom. It is an unbearable blow to one's self-esteem to discover, for example, that one's investment in American Can is no more intelligent than betting on a dark horse in a race.

The self-made man, priding himself on having carved out his own career by reason of his superior strength, cunning and intelligence, is stunned by the discovery that he is helpless. His courage, ever dependent upon the jingle of dollars in his pockets, fails lamentably when there are no dollars to jingle. His faith in himself and in the world he has helped to make ebbs away. He consorts with others of his kind, and they endeavor to cheer one another, as they have done for three years past and are still doing. He discusses, childishly, the cause of the depression. He hopes, vaguely and blindly, for "times" to get better. He believes in God and Hoover; then he believes in God and Roosevelt. But in his heart is dull despair, childish fear; in his eyes a look of puzzled grief. The suicide of desperation follows.

Few artists or poets, few "dreamers," are so easily ruined by adversity. Few proletarians—and these few usually broken by disease or old age—are driven to despair by economic mischance. But your Babbitt, when he is wiped out in the market, when his wisely selected bonds become worthless, when his property is foreclosed, whines, wails, gives a creditable imitation of a White Russian cursing the Bolsheviki, and, often, kills himself.

He can't take it. That he can dish it out, while power remains in his hands and dollars in his pocket, we have already seen—in his treatment of his employees; in his restrained and often enforced contributions to charity, usually well publicized; in his contempt for the financially unsuccessful; in his arrogance and snobbery, based upon the illusion of his own greatness; in his scorn for the weak and the helpless and the impoverished; in his treatment of menials; in the suspicion with which he eyes all who are engaged in "impractical" pursuits; in his persecution of those he regards as enemies of things as they are; and in the development of the current American code of ethics which prescribes that it's all right if you can get away with it.

Among the salutary effects to be credited to the depression is this: That fine flower of our civilization, that milestone on the pathway of Progress, the typical American business man, no longer enjoys the esteem and admiration of the world. Whereas, formerly, we were all too willing to accept him at his own valuation, we now see him as he is.

He can dish it out, but he can't take it.

Drop a tear of pity, if you will. But Jovian laughter resounds throughout the states. This—this puzzled, helpless, weak little man—was our hero!

The Editors are comforted to know that at least two groups of the unemployed are being well taken care of—our 96 United States Senators, and our 435 national Representatives.

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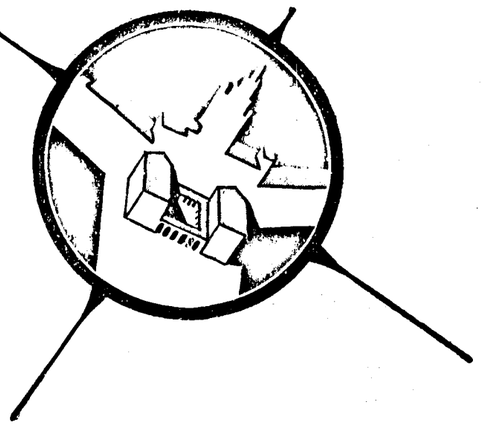

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—Hendrik Willem Van Loon

Washington in 1933

"'T is now the very witching time of Night
When universities yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this World. . . ."—HAMLET.

BOYD DIGESTS THE BOOKS

"A NEST of Simple Folk." (*Seán O'Faoláin.*) New York: Viking Press. $2.50—Here the author of "Midsummer Night Madness" once more proves that, despite censorship and an apparently complete apathy in Ireland toward intellectual and artistic values, the new generation of Irish writers will continue to shed lustre on their reluctant country. O'Faoláin has qualities which far transcend in beauty and vigorous humanity those of the more widely touted Francis Stuart. (Published early in January.)

"Play Parade." (*Noel Coward.*) New York: Doubleday, Doran. $2.50—This omnibus volume contains "The Vortex," "Hay Fever," "Bitter Sweet," "Private Lives," "Post Mortem," "Cavalcade," and "Design for Living." These are not, however, the main attraction, which is an ingenuous Introduction in which the author expresses his inexpressible delight in himself and his career in such terms as no ghost-writing Hollywood press agent could hope to equal. It will explain the plays . . . and their admirers.

"The Post Victorians." (*Various contributors.*) London: Nicholson & Watson. 10/6—Prefaced by Dean Inge, this volume assembles essays on such typical figures of their period as Lord Balfour, Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, Ellen Terry, Lord Curzon, Kitchener, Keir Hardie and Lord Haldane. Rebecca West's chapter on Mrs. Pankhurst and James Agate's on Marie Lloyd in themselves are enough to justify the enterprise. Could one imagine an American book of this type admitting one of the eternal prototypes of Mae West?

"Characters and Commentaries." (*Lytton Strachey.*) New York: Harcourt, Brace. $3.00—Posthumously collected by his brother, these essays cover every stage of the author's career from the beginning up to his death. It has been complained that they show little growth, by those who now think it necessary to denigrate Strachey. The fact is, they show a sustained level of maturity which puts even the earliest essay beyond the reach of most of his critics. The last word of an eighteenth century gentleman.

"The Winding Stair." (*W. B. Yeats.*) New York: Macmillan. $1.50—The poet who wrote some years ago "the fascination of what is difficult has dried the sap out of my veins" here proves that this was far, indeed, from being the case. As the world grows more muddled and chaotic, advancing years have given to the poetry of Yeats a clarity and vigor which his middle period often lacked. Its beauty is undiminished, or rather enhanced by an austere strength.

"Over Here." (*Mark Sullivan.*) New York: Scribner's. $3.75—Continuing "Our Times" the fifth volume covers the years 1914-1915. Like its predecessors it has many virtues, except one: there is little sense of humor. It may be said that these particular years hardly lend themselves to humorous treatment. But what of the earlier volumes? Looking at this book as a record of the war period, one is impressed by the fidelity of its mood to that of those years. Mr. Sullivan gives little space and less sympathy to unorthodox views. He swallows completely the legend that the Federal government was neutral during the first two years. As that was the initial lie of August 4, 1914, its continued existence here must be regarded as true to the spirit of the times.

"Unmentionables." (*Robert Cortes Holliday.*) New York: Long & Smith. $3.00—Forsaking his accustomed paths, Mr. Holliday undertakes to investigate the history of feminine underwear "from figleaves to scanties." A delicate task which he has carried out so decorously that readers of the *Police Gazette* will be disappointed. His reading and bibliographies are extensive and his book constitutes a footnote to the ever interesting history of modesty. To my amazement I find no reference to the standard French masterpiece, *Le Pantalon Féminin*, by Pierre Dufay, where erudition surpassing his own is combined with an appropriate strain of Gallic humor.

Always faintly amused by the gyrations of the religious mind, the Editors contemplate without alarm the evolution of Aryan Christianity in the Third Reich. It has always been the function of Protestantism to re-write the Bible to suit the needs of the occasion. The Methodists having eliminated the Virgin Mary, the Unitarians having eliminated Christ, the Baptists having eliminated christening, the Seventh Day Adventists having eliminated Sunday, why should not the Hitlerites eliminate the entire Christian theogony, substituting Thor and Odin—mit Hakenkreuz—for Christ and the Crucifix?

Looking over the safe the other day, the Editors discovered that they seem to have the $1,313,500.00 in gold that the government reports is missing.

PERBERTY IN LOS ANGELES

by LILLIAN HELLMAN KOBER

WELL, about three weeks ago I wrote to Pa asking him if he couldn't please call his dogs off. But Pa couldn't do anything—he hasn't seen Ma since 1929. Anyway, he's married to a stout milliner now, and he lives in Butte, Montana.

Well, sir, here I've been happy in Tacoma, glad to be away from the De Guinzberg school, glad to be . . . well, anyway, I've been glad. All of a sudden comes this letter from Mama saying that it was very important that she and Aunt Minnie and Uncle Wallace see me right away and that they'd be out to Tacoma, if they could find it.

Well, I wrote Mama right away and said not to come here, for God's sake—this is a convent school and they might not understand Mama—and if they had to come, I'd meet them in Los Angeles. I figured Los Angeles wouldn't be surprised at anything.

Well, last week they arrived and I went down to meet them. They had rented a house on Cedar Drive The man who owned the house was an Armenian theatrical producer and the costumes from several of his old chorus numbers were hung on the living-room wall. Mama said she thought the house was drab and decadent.

When I arrived the three of them were sitting at the bottom of the swimming pool. (Mama recently organized something called The Society For Atonement and she figured that was atoning for something.) It took me about ten minutes and a fishing pole to make them understand that I had arrived. When they had had four cocktails, evil smelling, and I had had a little elderberry wine, I said, "Look here, Mama, I'm very glad to see you and all that, but what is it that is so important?"

Mama smiled: "We thought you needed us, darling."

I said that was kind of foolish on the face of it, but Mama said, no, to please remember that I was past fourteen now and would need expert guidance. I said I didn't understand and they all smiled and looked at the sky for about five minutes. Finally, Aunt Minnie said dreamily, "You're coming into the age of perberty, darling." After I had corrected her pronunciation, I said I knew it and so what? Then Uncle Wallace told me that it must be a beautiful time for a woman, a beautiful awakening. I asked him whether he hadn't ever come into anything like puberty but he said it wasn't exactly the same thing. That gives you an idea of Uncle Wallace.

"Well, for God's sake," I said, "don't tell me you got me all the way down here to tell me about puberty?" (Four weeks ago I had started to translate Xenophon's "Memorabilia" into English and I resented this time lost.)

Mama put her hand out and picked one of the Armenian's roses. She held it to her nose and looked at me over the thorns. "Now, darling, even though you saw fit to leave the modern, intelligent life that I struggled,—sacrificed my life, I might even say,—struggled to give you; even though you saw fit to leave Madame De Guinzberg's excellent guidance, preparatory to life, I might say. . . ."

"Start that sentence over again, Mama," I said, "I can't follow you."

Uncle Wallace shook his head: "If you'd pay more attention to life, Eden, and less to grammar, you'd find yourself a fuller, richer person."

"I like grammar," I said, "and I think you don't like it because you don't know any." (Uncle Wallace eats lunch at the Colony every day and occasionally publishes a little prose which is always copied from "A Night in the Luxembourg.")

Mama threw her rose in the pool and seemed to find some significance in the fact that it floated. She sighed about that for a while and then turned again to me. "Eden! Please realize that it is now, at this age, that your first desires awaken, that your emotional life becomes, becomes" . . . she waved her arms and Aunt Minnie said, "Becomes something to be reckoned with. You *must* meet these problems frankly and we are here to help."

I said, "Why don't you stop going to those doctors, Aunt Minnie, and talk some sense!"

"You see," Aunt Minnie screamed to Mama, "you see how unreceptive she is! She has no feelings, no emotions." Aunt Minnie started to cry.

Mama leaned over. "Eden! You are hurting us very much. We have made that hot, fatiguing journey"—they really came out with three servants and four drawing-rooms—"treked across the continent, because after all you are my child, and I must see that your life, sacrifice myself, I might say, and certainly the mother instinct.". . . Well, by this time I had my eyes closed. I was thinking of the beautiful, severe prose of Xenophon.

"Mama," I said, "try to collect yourself."

Aunt Minnie stopped crying to say, "There she sits, there she sits, talking of 'collecting oneself'! Our generation which went through the war with high disillusionment, struggled to tear these things down, to establish a new freedom for the man and the woman—and there she sits telling us to collect ourselves!"

"Minnie," Mama said, "you are incoherent. Let us deal with this more calmly. Now, come, dear, confide in your mother."

"Mama, there is very little to confide. My year has been pleasant; I arise at seven and retire at nine. For the last four weeks I have been translating the 'Memorabilia' and Father Coughlin—a Jesuit and an educated man—thinks that it is not without merit."

"But Eden," Mama said, "have you no stirrings?"

"Stirrings, stirrings!" Aunt Minnie screamed. "You are mincing words. Have you felt no yearnings to embrace the boys in the field, to tell your secrets to the skies, to lie in the dells and crannies?"

"Mama," I said, "make Aunt Minnie shut up."

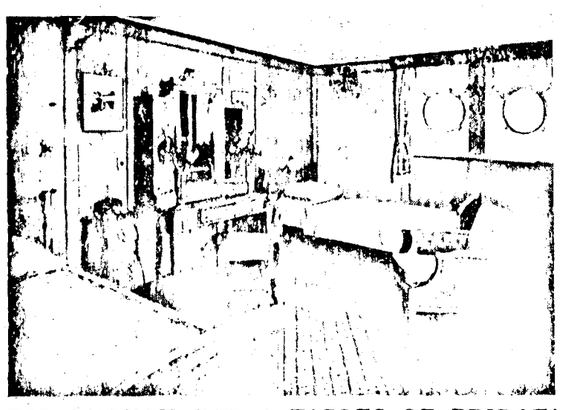
"But, my dear," Mama said. "you are coming into puberty and we *must* get that settled."

"A big, handsome animal," Aunt Minnie sobbed, "certainly that is normal."

"It *is* normal," said Mama, "and of course we will forgive you and assist you." Mama suddenly arose and took me in her arms. "Minnie," she said over my shoulder, "you have never been a mother."

Well, she cried for about fifteen minutes and Uncle Wallace told me that he thought it was one of the most beautiful moments of his life. "A huge, cloudy symbol of a high delight," but of course he misquoted. Then he said it was like the bleeding of an inner heart.

Well, I finally got away. I don't think they noticed because they were going to a party for a prize-fighter. A big, handsome animal, Aunt Minnie called him. I wanted to get back to Tacoma to see an outdoor production of "Il Penseroso."



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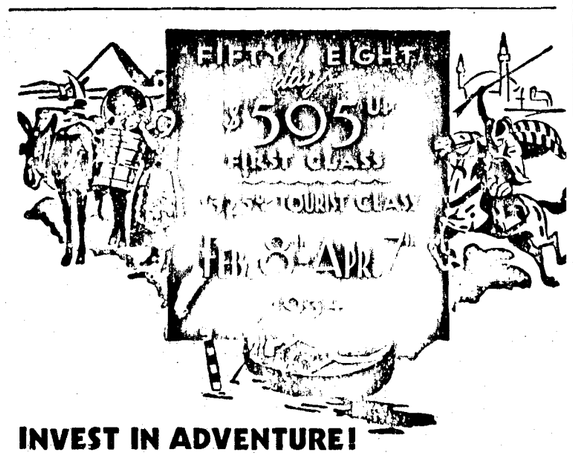

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